mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt-ring, or for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would doe such wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wiues doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And poure our treasures into forreigne laps,
Or else breake out in peeuish iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs; or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former having in despight,)
Why we haue galles, and though we haue some grace,
Yet haue we some reuenge: Let husbands know
Their wiues haue sence like them; they see, and smell,
And haue their pallats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,
When they change vs for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is so too; and haue not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em vse vs well, else let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night, heauen me such vses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iag. HEre stand behind this bulke, strait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

Quicke

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile be at thy elbow;
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe more firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy stand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons;
Tis but a man gon: forth my sword, he dies.

Iag. I haue rubd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry, now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Iewells that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there stand I in much perrill:
No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he; villaine thou diest.

Cas. That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou know'st;
I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. O, I am slaine. *falls*

Cas. I am maimd for euer, light ho, murder, — *falls*

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke, tis euen so.

Cas. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honest and iust,
That hast such noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me; —minion, your deare lies dead,
And your vnblest fate hies; strumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed lust-staind, shall with lusts blood be spotted. *Exit.*